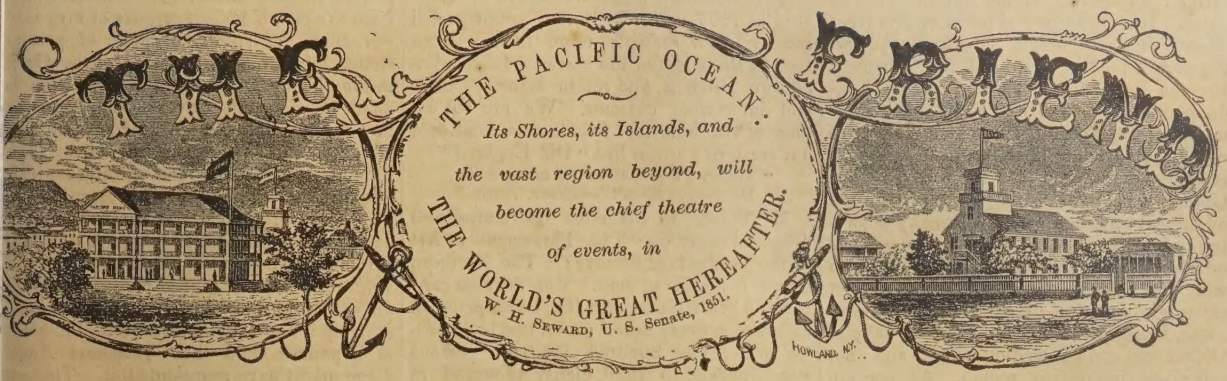

New Series, No. 12, Vol. 28.} HONOLULU, DECEMBER 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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THE FRIEND.

DECEMBER 1, 1879.

End of Volume 28, Second Series.

With this number closes another year of THE FRIEND, first series commencing January 18, 1843, and second series May, 1852. The publisher tenders his special acknowledgments to those who have continued their subscriptions during the entire period of the publication of the paper, as well to all who have more recently commenced their subscriptions. As years pass and the whale-ships have diminished, an important source of aid has been withdrawn, hence we hope the readers and subscribers of our little sheet will promptly pay when their bills are presented, and if any are disposed to "donate" a few dollars for gratuitous circulation of the papers, their favors will be appreciated by the publisher. It has been a rule from which we have not deviated for nearly forty years, to furnish all ships, seamen and strangers gratuitously, trusting that in some way our paper would be supported.

LIST OF U. S. CONSULS.—We would acknowledge the favor of a list of U. S. Consuls, which appears in another column, through the politeness of Mr. Morton, who is now American Consul at these Islands. We are confident it will be scanned with interest by "old residents."

"A NEW THING" in Honolulu, a *Dollar Store*, at Well's in Fort street. Anything you like—ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

NEW BETHEL FLAG.—To Capt. Oat & Son we are indebted for the New Flag.

China Taking a New Departure.

We regret that our limits this month will not allow us to give a full report of the Chinese steamer's visit to Honolulu and of the important mission of C. C. Moreno, Esq. We here witness the initiatory steps to a commercial enterprise of the most gigantic dimensions. The Chinese have the capital and indicate that they possess the ability to compete with the nations of the earth, on the wide field of foreign commerce. Already they are competing with the English for the trade and shipping between India and China, and why may they not push their steamers to North and South America, and even to Europe? They have the men, capital and *perhaps ability*. Time will show!

"SANTA CLAUS" has made his advent in good season this year, and is prepared to entertain young and old, at Thrum's, on Fort Street. During his absence and travels in foreign lands, he has gathered an immense variety of articles to delight the eyes and please the fancy of the young of Honolulu, and we presume he is prepared to execute orders from the other islands.

☞ We would call special attention to Mr. Bowser's advertisement relating to his proposed Statistical and Commercial Directory.

A CARD.—The undersigned would most gratefully acknowledge the kindness and generosity of the friends of the Bethel in contributing for the recent repairs and painting and purchase of New Hymn Books:

For Hymn Books	$178 20	
Freight and Charges	21 00	
Painter's Bill	520 00	
Carpenter's Bill	344 47	
Mason's Bill	45 00	
Various Incidentals, for lumber, &c.	135 28	
Carpet	60 00	
		1,303 95
Received from H. Hackfeld & Co.	$ 50 00	
Received from Wm. G. Irwin & Co.	50 00	
Received from Castle & Cooke	50 00	
Received from C. Brewer & Co	50 00	
Received from T. H. Davies	50 00	
Various Subscriptions	122 00	
Net Avails of the Fair	927 10	
		1,299 10
		$4 85

Special acknowledgments, I would tender to those mercantile friends above who are interested in the shipping.

S. C. DAMON, Chaplain.

Honolulu, November 28th, 1879.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 35

On the Shores of the North Sea.

A VACATION EXCURSION.

One glance at the map of North Europe, at the shores washed by the North Sea, will give you in a moment a better idea of my present position than many words of written description. You will, I think, without difficulty, following the coast from the Zuider Zee—or better, the Dollart—to the mouth of the Weser, find the East Frisian Islands, from one of which, *Nordeney*, I send these lines. It is an interesting region. To the east rises the Danish coast and the territory of Schleswig-Holstein. Farther down is Hamburg, and the Elbe opening into the sea. Nearer on the Weser is Bremen, with its outpost Bremen-Haven. My way from Berlin led me through Bremen, where I was pleased to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me of seeing the city whose name was familiar to me from the early days of boyhood, when the Bremen vessels lying quietly moored in our tropic waters after their long and stormy "Cape" voyage, seemed to my childish imagination a link to that "Old World" which my fancy was wont to clothe in all the radiant coloring to which its long and fascinating history fairly entitles it. In Bremen I found the same kindly "*aloha*" awaiting me from our Hawaiian Consul, Herr Pfluger, and his wife and family, as that with which they welcomed me to Germany when I saw them in Wiesbaden, now nearly two years ago. Their beautiful home, with its many reminders of the "*Islands*," had an especial charm for me, bringing so vividly to mind other homes in that far away "Summer-land" which grow dearer and dearer to me with the years of separation. I regretted to learn that Captain Hackfeld and wife were absent on a visit to Munich. Bremen was one of the members of the Hanseatic League, and that in a word epitomizes a proud history. The square on which the Rathhaus and Cathedral stand is one of the finest I have seen in Europe. The first-named building is a superb example of that ornate and imposing architecture in which the proud spirit of these Northern cities, enriched by a world-wide and successful commerce, found its most eloquent and enduring expression. Bremen now numbers over 100,000 inhabitants, and is the next after Hamburg in com-

mercial importance of the North German cities. It is pleasantly situated on the river Weser, at whose mouth is *Bremerhaven*, the port of the first-mentioned city. Through Bremen during the last twenty years, hundreds of thousands of emigrants have gone to America. Within a few hours sail of where I am writing lies *Wilhelmshaven*, a most important harbor for the war vessels of Germany, yearly becoming more so with the additional attention which Germany is paying to her navy. The docks and works are on a vast scale. During the Franco-German war the German fleet lay here in perfect safety and security. Following the railway route, I passed through the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, an exceedingly flat and not especially interesting region. As one approaches *Emden* on the *Dollart*, the country begins to assume very much of the aspect of Holland. The vast arms of windmills are outlined on the misty horizon, and the towns and villages are intersected by canals. Emden is the largest and most important town of *East Frisia*. For me, this quiet city, with its ancient buildings and massive "Rath-haus," had a peculiar welcoming charm. It seemed to stand as an outpost on the borders of that land which, through so many centuries of varied history, of fierce trial and valiant struggle, has attained its present peace and security. *Delfzyl*, the first town of Holland, lies opposite Emden on the Dollart. Emden was the haven of refuge of thousands of persecuted English Protestants during the cruel reign of Bloody Mary and at other times. In one of the churches of the city is still to be seen a carving in stone representing a ship in a tempestuous sea, beneath which are these words :

"Godts Kerck vervolgt verdreven
Heeft Godt hyr troost gegeren."

God's Church persecuted, driven away,
Has through God received her consolation.

It was placed there by grateful English refugees, who in 1553, after three months' weary wandering, at length reached here in safety. One of the finest collections of ancient armor in Germany is to be seen in Emden—a striking reminder of those fierce and bloody contests which for so long a period raged on the northern coast. The Dollart, now a wide bay opening into the North Sea, is the result of one of those terrible victories of the wild North Sea over the adjoining coast, which from century to century have proved so disastrous to life and property. Here one Christmas night long ago, in 1277, the mighty sea bore in over the land and swept beneath its dark waters some fifty villages, establishing here its sway, so that to-day our steamer cuts the waves where once were pasture lands and pleasant homes and hundreds of peaceful families. The lands-people would have us believe that in still weather the gilded spires of the churches and the gables of the houses may still be seen far down beneath the waves. Certainly no loving, gentle neighbor has the sea been. The old chronicles tell us that along the coast in past centuries more than half a million of human beings have fallen its victims. At another time I may take occasion to speak of the Zuider Zee and its history. In our neighborhood, too, lies the strange little island of *Heligoland* (holy land), which was taken by England in 1807, and which that country still retains. It is scarcely more than a huge rock in the midst of the waves. Its inhabitants are Frisians, and retain many peculiar and interesting customs. We are but an hour or two from the Dutch coast, and over our western horizon lies "Old England."

"Thalatta! Thalatta! sei mir gegrüst,
Du ewiges Meer!"—*Heinr. Heine.*

M. Taine, in his most instructive and delighful essay on "The Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands," says: "The Northern Ocean is hostile to man. For thirteen centuries a great inundation has taken place on an average every seven years, besides smaller ones; one hundred thousand persons were drowned in 1230, eighty thousand in 1287, twenty thousand in 1470, thirty thousand in 1570, and twelve thousand in 1717. Similar disasters occurred in 1776, in 1808, and still later in 1825. Dollart Bay, about seven miles wide by twenty deep, and Zuyder Zee, forty-four leagues square, are invasions of the sea in the 13th century. In order to protect Friesland, it was necessary to drive three rows of piles a distance of twenty-two leagues, each pile costing seven florins. To protect the coast of Harlem they had to build a dyke of Norway granite five miles long by forty feet in height, and which is buried two hundred feet beneath the waves. Amsterdam, which has two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, is entirely built on piles, frequently thirty feet long. The foundations of every town and village in Friesland are artificial constructions. It is estimated that seven and a-half billions of francs have been expended on protective works between the Scheldt and the Dollart. Life has to be purchased, and when from Harlem or Amsterdam you see the enormous yellow surf beating against that narrow strip of mud and enclosing it as far as the eye can reach; it is evident that man, in casting this sop to the monster, obtains safety at a low rate."

I have quoted these facts in the very presence of the sea itself, whose incoming waves are breaking in long lines of foam, with a deep, hoarse, monotonous cry, on the yellow sands at my feet. One might almost fancy that it had divined the meaning of the foregoing words, and in its dull, savage way exulted in this acknowledgment of its cruel power. For a number of days of this summer the North Sea has been my constant companion, a source of continual fascination and repulsion. There still seems to linger in its waters a wild, untamed, heathenish life, which has seen the downfall of the ancient faith which once celebrated here its rites; has survived the wreck of the fierce and wildly poetic mythology of the North; has witnessed the ever onward march of Christianity with sullen indifference. On its shores have been enacted many of the sublimest events in human history; it has been witness to the birth of all that is most glorious and beautiful in modern freedom and liberty. Across its troubled waters have swept some of the proudest fleets the world has ever seen. The fierce Vikings of the North have cut its foam with the dark prows of their vessels; the most terrible naval battles have thundered here; the flags of all nations for centuries have pierced its grey mists; the costliest cargoes from the far off Indies, cargoes of rare Eastern stuffs, of spices, of gold, of precious stones, have brought the glory of the Orient to the gloomy North—and too oft sunk beneath these furious waves. We have seen how for ages it has been at war with man, who seems to have gained an almost superhuman strength and courage through his long contest with the ever-threatening sea. He has never yielded. If the waves threatened to engulph him, he has remained faithful to the last. From father to son has this warfare with the sea been passed onward as an unending heritage. I can conceive of scarcely a more sublime study for the genius of a painter than this. Michael Angelo alone might have represented it. The solitary figure of a man of heroic stature, alone in an endless storm, facing a wild sea of tawny foam. The green, fierce, hissing waters at times break upon his breast, rising like a cliff amid the waves; they wash, in their restless march, the sands from beneath his feet, but he clings to the rocks till the foothold is regained. It is a struggle for life! The suns and rains of ages have beat upon that earnest, glorious face. The muscles have grown strong and rigid as iron. The winds lift the yellow, flaxen hair, which gleams like a sunbeam against the blackening skies; the great blue eyes gaze undaunted over the tempest of the waves, and grow more brave, more earnest, more beautiful as the conflict grows more terrible. One may indeed feel it to be a privilege to breathe the air, which has been the life and inspiration of the giants of these northern shores, whose marvelous and untireing struggles with the sea is one of the wonders of history.

DIE DEUTSCHE SEE-RETTUNGS GESELLSCHAFT or Society for the Preservation of Life in case of shipwreck, is one of the most interesting and important of German organizations. Some hundred years ago, at the time when the first Eddystone Light House on the British Coast was in process of erection there chanced to be war between England and France. A boat load of English workmen, engaged upon the structure of the light house, were taken prisoners by a French cruiser. They were however immediately sent back to their work by the French Monarch with much ceremony, and with the word that the war he was waging, was with the King of England, and not *with mankind*. As one catches here and there the gleam of the faithful lights from the many noble towers which now skirt the shores of these northern waters, and as one reads the records of the heroic efforts constantly made with the life-boats to bring rescue to those struggling for life amid the waves, no matter of what nationality, one realizes that there is a brotherhood of sympathy which can rise superior to all the distinctions of blood and race, and national jealousy. The German Ocean is one of the stormiest in the world, and thousands of noble vessels have gone down beneath these angry waters. In 1860 arose an organization in Germany to provide, so far as possible, means of rescue in case of shipwreck. The funds are mainly obtained from private sources all over the empire. All along the coast there are stations with men and life boats, and the

rangements are as perfect as possible under the circumstances. Over and over again, during the brief history of the Society, have those who have in any way contributed to its support, had reason to rejoice at the good work it has done. May this still go forward a source of hope and consolation to all those who are called to face the wintry storms of this most tempestuous sea!

EAST FRISIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

A people born for freedom are the Frisians, and to this hardy, great-hearted people of this bleak northern coast, is the world to-day indebted for the preservation of the noblest of human rights, liberty of thought and action. Their grand watch-word rings like a clarion-blast down the centuries: "The Frisian shall be free so long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands!" To which one seems to hear from their descendants, whether here by the restless surge of the North Sea, or in the neighboring British Isles, or in the distant Continent of America, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, the response of a fervent "Amen!" East Frisia is a portion of that vast plain which extends from the extremity of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt. It is a little corner of the earth to-day, exerting but little influence and interesting but few; but for those few it has a remarkable fascination and attraction. The population to-day numbers something like 200,000, living in five or six considerable towns and numerous villages, or scattered in little settlements along the coast. To a remarkable degree have the East Frisians preserved their old and simple life. The dreariness of much of the land, its isolated situation, its not very especial political importance, have all had an influence in keeping the race free from "modernizing" influences, and this renders a study of the people exceedingly interesting. Their long struggle of centuries with the ocean, their indomitable energy in over-coming the difficulties of their situation, the stillness and quiet of their lives far away from the noise and din of the great world, has left its traces on heart as well as body. They are still an earnest, noble, simple folk, true and brave and loyal to their Heavenly and Earthly Heads, and in this pure loyality, still free as the wind blowing out of the clouds.

THE ISLAND OF NORDENEY

has come of late years to be the favorite seaside resort of Germany. As I mentioned above it is one of the chain of the East Frisian Islands, bordering the main land. It is at low tide, in fact joined to the coast by a long sandy tract called the "Watt," hidden by the waves at flood. For the accommodation and amusement of the thousands of summer visitors—hundreds of buildings have sprung up on the sands where once stood the little humble fishing village, and to-day it presents a charming picture as you approach it from the sea, or wander through its quaint winding streets. There are spacious hotels and pleasure grounds, groves and gardens. The fisher-folk vie with each other in making their cottages pleasant and inviting, and they are of immaculate cleanliness. Like a bit of fairy-land seems this little summery garden, with its flowers and trees, and gaily colored flags, in comparison with the dreary reaches of the "dunes." Everything is done, in the power of the management, to interest and amuse the numerous guests. There is here nothing like the splendor and fashion of Trouville or Ostend, but infinitely more solid comfort and pleasure, and at a very much cheaper rate, and every one seems contented. When the weather is fine nothing could be more charming than a day here, beginning with an early morning concert in the fresh sweetness of the new day, then promenades and bathing, and more music and an excellent dinner at one of the capital hotels, and in the evening various amusements. One can hear a splendid concert three times day, and the music of the great masters and the less, mingles from morning till night with the grander music of the waves, or some Italian *Diva* comes here to trill her opera airs for the amusement of the guests, There are boating parties, fishing excursions, reunions, displays of fireworks and so on *ad infinitum*.

STRAND PICTURES.

Few watering places in the world possess so fine a beach as Nordeney For full two miles it stretches off broad, smooth, fine and hard, forming a splendid promenade. Naturally this is the most frequented point of the Island, and presents at nearly all hours of the day and on into the evening a most animated and picturesque appearance. In the palmy days of Hannoverian rule, it was the favorite resort of the Hannoverian King and Court in summer. It is a gathering of forces from all parts of Germany from East, north, South and West. Some six hundred gentlemen and as many ladies bathe here at their separate beaches every day; and in sunny mornings the beach is a place for interesting study. Here you see portly and stately Hamburg and Bremen merchants with their families, dignified and rotund enough to have figured in the grave deliberations of the Hanseatic League. Near by are a group of German "pastors" with their white cravats and benevolent faces, and followed closely by a Jewish rabbi or two, with patriarchal amplitude of beard. The Jews here are to be seen in great numbers. Every other face seems to be Semetic. Singular how this curious race retains its peculiarities not alone of character but of gait, of profile, of form, century after century, and in all lands. A strange little group is that of a company of Polish Jews, who go about in long and gloomy black coats or frocks, reaching nearly to the ground, and perched among the dunes or on the sands. The Jews have here a little synagogue. The beach is enlivened by the presence of hundreds of ladies and little children in summer costumes, some exceedingly pretty, some quite the reverse. For German ladies have scarcely the *chic* in dress of their French and American sisters. You see wee-bits of children toddling about in the moist sand, and shouting in their glee as the white foam bathes their little pink feet; a flaming red cap of a gymnasium student brings a dash of color in passing. There are professors in spectacles, lawyers, doctors, all, unbending for these days of "dolce far niente" at the sea-side. Russians, Hollanders, English and French give a cosmopolitan air to the scene. The beach is covered with huge "baskets," so arranged with seats and "visor" that gentlemen with cigars, old ladies with their knitting, and young Germany with books from the "library," can enjoy the sands and be safe from the sun. Every now and then you see one of these great wicker-work affairs walking off in the most remarkable manner, looking for all the world like huge *snail-shells* in motion, but from which emerges directly the rosy-face of some Frisian woman. Bright-eyed little maidens dart hither and thither with trays of fruit and sweetmeats for sale, and flaxen haired boys peddle shrimps, which find a ready market.

From early morning till two o'clock in the afternoon the flying of the red flags on the beach announce the bathing time. The gentlemen have their portion reserved at one end of the beach and the ladies the other. The break of the waves here is superb, and when the right wind is on one may bathe in the most glorious of white surf. The arrangements are very simple and admirable. You give your ticket to the "Bade-meister," and he assigns you to one of the "machines," little houses on wheels, which are drawn by horses out into the midst of the waves, into which you can dip at your pleasure. But this is generally quick work, as the water of the North Sea is by no means as mild as that of our summer seas, and a few moments suffice.

At evening the strand is covered with promenaders—and a glorious stroll it is—with the delicious air sweeping in over the sea, the very elixir of life. It is an ever changing view. Days of storm with heavy and furious winds, dark rain clouds rising up from the southwest and sudden squalls, are followed by splendid days of sunshine with bending heavens of blue, crossed by vagrant bands of fleecy cloud.

The sun sets, a great crimson ball in a cloudless west, then the darkness gathers swiftly over the lead-colored waters flecked with white, and at last most beautiful of all rises the silver moon, lighting the infinite spaces of the cloudless sky with her azure splendor, as she keeps her heavenly watch through the passing hours above the murmuring sea.

But after all nothing is so interesting as a study of the Island people themselves, who are as much a part of Nordeney as the sand dunes. They are a brave, hardy, noble people, thorough Frisians. Of late years they have devoted themselves entirely during the summer to caring for the many visitors who flock here for the air and sea-bathing. But with the departure of the last summer guest they turn themselves to more earnest and serious things—they are true children of the North Sea, a hardy fisher-folk, strong of limb, and with sinews and muscles of steel, as much at home on sea as on land, in fact more so, for they seem to gain a grace and ease amid the waves, or managing a boat on a troubled sea, which is utterly lacking to them on land. In that gallery of pictures which is slowly rearing itself from the memory of travel in various lands, to no portrait shall I give a more honored place than to that of the brave and faithful fisherman of Nordeney, in whose kind but earnest eyes I shall ever read the old watch-word and greeting of his fore-fathers. *Eala freya fresena! Hail thou free Frisian!*

F. W. DAMON.

Nordeney, August 28th, 1879.

THE FRIEND.

DECEMBER 1, 1879.

[By our Berlin Correspondent, F. W. DAMON.]

The Late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson.

The American colony of Berlin has been saddened, within the space of less than one short year, by the death of two distinguished representatives, men widely known and tenderly loved on both sides of the Atlantic. The first, that of the genial traveler and graceful poet, Bayard Taylor; the second, within a few weeks, that of the Rev. Doctor Thompson, American Divine, Author and Scholar. The sad news of Dr. Thompson's death will bring sorrow to a large circle of friends and admirers, both in the old world and the new. The great and extensive labors of this most brilliant and active mind are undoubtedly well known to you. He entered, at an early age, upon the work of the ministry, giving from the very first indications of distinguished ability and fitness for his chosen profession. For a long series of years he held one of the foremost clerical positions in New York City, as Pastor of the great and influential Broadway Tabernacle Church. During the Civil War of America, he spoke with a clarion voice in the cause of Liberty and Right, and in that Temple of Freedom and Peace, which rose from the battle-fields of that mighty conflict, his name must ever hold an enduring place. His extensive travels in Egypt and Palestine resulted in most interesting and important works on those lands, and he may be said to have first directed study in the new world to the land of the Pyramids and the Sphynx. His somewhat impaired health obliged him to come to Europe several years since, and he fixed his home in the German Capital. In Europe he has led a life of constant literary activity, and during the years of his residence here, he may have been said to have been one of the links between Germany and America. This is no place for a list of his varied works. They cover a wide field; all animated by a noble, elevated, Christian tone and marked with the stamp of original talent. Distinguished as he was, in every clerical and scholarly post, it is especially in this sphere, where the great qualities of his heart and character were manifest, that he will be especially missed. My own personal loss is too fresh and great to permit of my speaking as I would, in these first days, of that great, warm, noble, loving nature which strengthened and rejoiced all those who came within its genial influence. To-day, hundreds of hearts mourn the loss of a Father or Brother. His Christianity was of the broadest, sweetest, healthiest character, free from the slightest trace of asceticism or narrowness. His home was open to all, and in his heart there was a welcome awaiting old and young. Brave, noble, heroic man. We who knew and loved him here, who have had the privilege of his friendship and companionship in these last years of his life, who have had his cheerful smile and cordial hand-grasp awaiting us at so many turns of the daily-life, feel indeed fatherless; and we mourn his loss with the loving, faithful wife and children, who remain.

Most Providentially arrived the Rev. Dr. Gilman, his brother-in-law, Secretary of the American Bible Society,—and also his daughter—just in time to be of the greatest comfort and assistance. Dr. Gilman officiated at the funeral, and his remains were buried in the Jerusalem Church Yard, as he had desired. There were many friends present, and full of sympathy.

Intelligence from Micronesia.

Through the kindness of Rev. Mr. Bingham we have been privileged to read an interesting letter received from Capt. Bray, of the *Morning Star*, under dates of July 14th, August 19th and September 8th.

The *Morning Star* had a most favorable run to the Gilbert Islands, being over two weeks ahead of last year's time. The vessel anchored at Tapiteuea just two weeks from Honolulu. From that island the vessel sailed for Apemama and Apaiang. War troubles still prevail at the latter island.

Most favorable reports come from the Island of Tapiteuea. The Hawaiian Missionaries report "their churches too small for their Sunday services. Two new churches have been erected. The natives have built these two churches on different parts of the island." The Missionary informed Capt. Bray that "the natives felt that they were now Christians, and were desirous of having a church formed."

Capt. Bray remarks that "we are thankful for the privilege of Brother Doane's company. If I enjoyed last voyage, I do this to a much greater extent. We could not wish for a more hearty reception than we have had from the Missionaries thus far.

"While at Apaiang Mr. Doane and myself visited the King. He seemed much pleased to hear that Mr. Taylor had a prospect of returning, adding that he would write and ask him also.

"We arrived at Butaritari with thirty-one passengers on board, in all fourty-four. My officers are first-class, and the crew are full of life. all ready for work and play, and everything is peaceful and harmonious on board."

Capt. Bray reports the loss of the *Maggie Johnson* on the eastern side of Butaritari.

The *Morning Star* arrived at Ebon, one of the Marshall Islands, on the 7th of August, two weeks earlier than expected, much to the joy of the Missionaries. We quote as follows from Capt. Bray's letter under date of Aug. 19th at Jaluig:

"Mr. Whitney remained at Ebon to prepare for Kusaie, and Dr. Pease and Mr. Doane accompany us through the group. I believe they have all the scholars they wish to take with them this year. A native has been placed over the church at Ebon, and we have another going with us to Aeno."

The *Storm Bird* has not yet arrived. Capt. Wood of the *Hawaii* thinks she is lost.

Capt. Bray thus closes: "There is no reason to believe we shall be behind our last arrival in Honolulu. We shall probably have no other opportunity to write this trip."

☞ In another column will be found a letter from J. F. B. Marshall, Esq., containing hints as to some of the difficulties which attended the securing of the Independence of this Island Kingdom. There were more then than have ever been fully published. Mr. Marshall's mission to Washington, London and Paris, served in an important manner, to bring about the acknowledgment of Hawaiian Independence on the 28th day of November, 1843, by the following Treaty:

"Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the King of the French, taking into consideration the existence in the Sandwich Islands of a government capable of providing for the regularity of its relations with foreign nations, have thought it right to engage reciprocally to consider the Sandwich Islands as an Independent State, and never to take possession, neither directly nor under the title of Protectorate, nor under any form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed.

"The undersigned, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Ambassador Extraordinary of His Majesty the King of the French, at the Court of London, being furnished with the necessary powers, hereby declare in consequence, that their said Majesties take reciprocally that engagement.

"In witness whereof the undersigned have signed the present declaration, and have affixed thereto the Seal of their Arms.

"Done in duplicate at London, the 28th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1843."

(signed) ABERDEEN.
ST. AULAIRE.

This is a most important State Document, while much credit is due the two governments becoming parties to this Treaty, yet it is undoubtedly the result of no little jealousy then existing between them.

The events of 1843, as they occurred in Hawaiian History, are among the most vivid impressions on the tablets of our memory. Distinctly and vividly we can recall the actors of those days as mentioned in the letter of Mr. M. No day can we recall with more distinctness than the 25th of Feb. 1843, when Kamehameha III. made a cession of these islands to the Queen of England, but under a solemn protest. It was on that day that we came near being "under fire." We locked our dwelling house and left for shelter on board the U. S. S. Boston. The guns of the Carysford were loaded, and we expected the town would have been fired upon. On our way to the harbor, the announcement was made that the islands were ceded to England. Then it was that His Majesty made the celebrated Proclamation which contained the famous clause, which has become the National Motto, and is now chiseled in stone on the Government House. The Proclamation reads as follows:

Where are you, chiefs, people and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands!

Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause; therefore I have given away the life of our land, hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges, will continue, *for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct is justified.*

Done at Honolulu, Oahu, this twenty-fifth day of February, 1843.

(Signed,) KAMEHAMEHA III.
KEKAULUOHI.

A MATCH.—Frederick Vehling, on Liliha street, is manufacturing excellent matches, which are sold at wholesale by E. O. Hall & Son. Encourage home manufacture.

King Cetawayo.—The Zulus.

Our acquaintance with this strange African Kingdom, about which the papers have had so much to say, commenced more than forty years ago, when American Missionaries were first sent to that part of Africa. Two well educated and accomplished ladies, from our native place, Holden, Mass., went thither as Missionaries. From one of them, Mrs. Grout, sister of E. Bailey, Esq., on Maui, we have just received a letter, from which we quote as follows:

"Springfield, Mass., Sept. 23d.—Cetawayo has been caught. We are not sorry to have the English govern the Zulus, rather than that wicked King. A part of our missionary life was spent in the Zulu country when Umpandi, the father of Cetawayo, was King; and we remember this son as a boy, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years old. We believe that now the Gospel will have free course there."

It was our privilege to have been personally acquainted with the Rev. Messrs. Grout and Champion, and their wives, who formed the first mission sent out by the American Board to the Zulus. In those days it was a far different journey, by sea and land, to the Zulu country, from what it is at present.

A Long Felt Want to be Supplied.

NOW IN COURSE OF PREPARATION and soon to appear, the Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical & Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide. This Directory will contain information with regard to the location, occupation and residence of every business man, native and foreign, on all the Islands. Also a complete list of the plantations, farms and ranches, their location, agents, managers, post-office address, and distance from the metropolis, list of vessels under the Hawaiian flags besides other statistical matter useful and interesting. This Directory will be of incalculable value to business men at home or abroad, as the information contained in The Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical and Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide, will be such as has never before appeared under the covers of any single book. The publisher would respectfully draw the attention of the public generally to the following facts. This Directory now in course of compilation, unlike any other directory published, contains important statistical information for merchants, manufacturers, real estate dealers, plantation proprietors, lawyers, hotel keepers, tourists, and in fact almost every class of business men. It will contain the names of all business men, classified, on all the islands, every town and village will be duly represented, giving the names of all foreign residents alphabetically arranged. It will give a full description of all the sugar and rice plantations; also all the farms or ranches, with names of owners, managers and agents; the distance of each plantation from the metropolis (Honolulu); the distance from the chief town, the name of the road, etc., etc. It will also contain a description of each of the Islands from personal research, and not copied from any previous description; the time occupied in travel from one Island to the other, mode of conveyance, the charges by steamer or sailing vessel, the accomodation on each Island and the probable cost to travelers, which will make the book invaluable to tourist. As a work of reference and a first-class advertising medium, it cannot be excelled, as every name is solicited personally, and the Directory when completed will go into the hands of a large proportion of the proprietors of plantations and ranches on the various Islands, and the class of people that advertisers generally desire to reach. The compilation of this directory is entirely new as regards the statistical portion, and gives information that is correct and reliable and of late date. This work is to be a home production in every respect, and should receive a generous patronage.

Subscription Price, $3.00. Advertising Rates. Whole Page, $20 00; Half Page, $13 00; Quarter Page, $7.50. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

GEORGE BOWSER.
Publisher and Proprietor.

☞ P. O. Box 172, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

MARRIED.

IVES—GERTZ—In Honolulu, Oct 31st, 1879, at the residence of the bride's father. FREDERICK A. IVES to HENRIETTA GERTZ.

COOKE — LYDGATE — At the First Foreign Church in Hilo, Hawaii, Nov. 6th, by Rev. A. O. Forbes, Mr A. FRANE COOKE of Honolulu, to Miss LILANET LYDGATE, of Hilo. No cards.

SCOTT—MALUPO—In this City, Nov. 10th, by the Rev. M. Kuaea, Mr. JOHN SCOTT of the Honolulu Ice Manufactory, to MALUPO, a Hawaiian.

ASCH—SINGER—In this city, Nov. 22d, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr. JULIUS ASCH to Miss MARY SINGER, both of Honolulu.

PASTOR CHINIQUAY.—From the copies of *The Queensland Evangelical Standard*, published in Brisbane, New Holland, we learn that the ex-priest of the Catholic Church has been lecturing in that part of the British Colonies, after visiting Sydney, Melbourne and Tasmania. We learn that he is now about to travel and lecture in New Zealand. His lectures appear to be numerously attended, and he is supported by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Protestants generally. The Catholic priesthood appear to be much more opposed to his lectures than the laity.

Information Wanted.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1879.

Dear Sir—I wish to enlist the services of your office in relation to the following: There sailed from New Bedford, Mass, in the bark Oscar of Matiapoisett, Franklin Cross, Master, bound for the Pacific Ocean, Nov 27, 1854, on a whaling voyage, one James Conklin, as 4th Mate. This James Conklin was discharged at Hilo, Oct 31, 1855, by Thos Miller, then U S Consul at that port, in company with one Robert Brewster, cook of the vessel. I wish you would have the records of your office searched and give me the dates and movements of James Conklin as they appear by the records in your office. Your kind attention to the above will be greatly appreciated by myself and others interested.

Very truly yours, WM. H. DAVIS,
89 Front Street. N. Y. City.

To Hon. Thos Spencer, U. S. Consul.

Respecting SAMUEL GRAVES, an officer of the American whaleship *Pacific*, discharged at Panama.

I had a dear son who, when I last heard from him, about twenty years ago, dated at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, saying that he would be home soon. His name was WILLIAM D. BENTLY, light complexion, and with blue eyes and red whiskers when he left home; he also had an impediment in his speech.

If any one knows of my son's death I wish them to be candid and let me know. My address is No. 1821 North 21st street, above Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia

MRS. SARAH D. BENTLEY.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Nov 2—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, 21 days fm San Francisco
2—Am bk J W Seaver, Mellander, 32 days fm Jaluit
2—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 21 days from S Fran
3—Am bk Cyane, Hanson, 22 days from San Francisco
3—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from S Francisco
6—Brit bk Viola, Price, 138 days from Liverpool
Nov 8—Am bktn Catherine Sudden, Ingalls, Port Townsend
11—Am bk Alden Besse, Noyes, 21 days from Astoria passed the port en route to Hongkong.
13—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, 38 days Port Gamble
14—Bktne Laura R Burnham, Phillips, 134 days from New York
Nov 14—China stm Hochung 26 days from Canton
Nov 16—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, Port Gamble via Hilo
17—Am bktne Ella, Brown, 20 days from San Francisco
17—Am bk D C Murray, Ritchie, 16 days from S F
18—Am wh bk Pacific, Knowles, from Arctic Ocean
Nov 24—P M S S Australia Cargill, from Sydney
26—Raiatea sch Vivid, English, 13 days fm Fannings I

DEPARTURES.

Nov 3—Am bk J W Seaver, Mellander, for San Francisco
4—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney
4—Am bk Amy Turner, Newell, for Hongkong
5—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
Nov 10—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, for Johnson I
11—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
11—Am bk Revere, McIntyre, for Port Blakeley
Nov 21—China stmr Hochung, for Canton
22—Amt bk H W Almy, for San Francisco
24—Am bktne Catherine Sudden, Ingalls, Port Blakely
22—Am bk Penang, Patten, fr Departure Bay
24—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco
26—Am bk Jenny Pits, Sievert, for Port Gamble
27—Am bbtne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Port Gamble

PASSENGERS.

From Bonham's Island, per J W Seaver, Nov 3—Capt F Frank, G Nielsen, 21 Rotumah Islanders, 3 Hawaiians.

From San Francisco, per Kalakaua, Nov 3—Col Norris, Chas Barton, wife and mother, Mrs John Neal and three children, A R Kinkwood, Geo W Lewis, Wm M Miller & wife, Thos Price, M Foley, W J Cuscudden, M Douglas, George Sheker, T Williams, Jas Bropher, John Nelson, James Sherman.

From San Francisco, per Helen W Almy, Nov 3—Mrs Wm Burrill, Chas Burrill, Maurice Walsh, A K Miller, J J Avery, J McDade, R G Wells and wife, Wm O'Connor, T Hixon, G Bowser, wife and two children, Miss A Prescott, Jose Maria, Louis Fasser.

From San Francisco, per Zealandia, Nov 4—Dr A C Wight, H Waterhouse, H I L Bullen, A Barstow, C H Gunning, Mr Kempster, A McWayne, F K Morrison, Jno Hewston, W R Perriman, E W Jordan, M C Wilson, J H Coney, F J Lourey, M P Jones, S V Wardrobe, Mr Louisson, W B Greensfelder, Mr and Mrs Ellis, Mr and Mrs Castle, Mrs Smith and child, Mrs J Eberhard, Mary Meyers, Carrie Weithrect, Mrs, Master and Miss Dowett, Wm Kennedy, J Gillespie, John Carden, A Sinclair, J Fowler, Thomas Ellis, Mrs J Goetse, Mrs R Mathews and child, A Chihi and wife, Mrs A Brown, John Hilbon, J Rogers, M Francis, Rose Isenber, C P Barrett, P Lipski, A Ehrens, A La Croix, James Armstrong, George Jones, J Roberts, W H Williams, Mrs Scanlon, Thomas Hayes, J O'Brien, A Keating, C C Wilson, F Lester, W McMillen, John Carter, and 22 Chinese. In transit 95.

For Sydney, per Zealandia, Nov 4—Geo Lambert.

For San Francisco, per Bonanza, Nov 5—Jno Bisconde, Mrs L S Carrigan.

For Guano Islands, per J M Avery, Nov 8—James Hixon, Wm R Perriman.

From Hongkong, per Ho Chong, Nov 14—Senor Moreno, and 451 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per Ella, Nov 18—Mrs Frick and child, W F McClure, Louis Kraft, A McBeth, Miss Zoe Gayton, S C Gayton, Walter Knoop, and 3 chinese.

From San Francisco, per D C Murray, Nov 18—H G Kelley, V Knudsen, Richard Webb, J E Alexander, G W Francis, John Moirhead, Alexander McKay, J A Mills, E J Pefter, Harry Congdon.

For San Francisco, per H W Almy, Nov 22—Albert Miller, John Gausand.

From Sydney, per Australia, Nov 24—F A Solomons, Donal Anderson, J F Pickering, and 2 Chinese, 32 passengers in transitu.

For San Francisco, per Australia, Nov 24—Mrs J A Hopper, and daughter, R C Kurtz and wife and child, Miss Lizzie Chapman, D W Folger, G W Page, Capt N Rohse, Robert Lewers, R Aubert, L Benard, W H Miller, and wife, H R Hollister, S Roth, Mrs W Blaisdell, W B Greenfield, Miss Zoe Gayton, John Madden, B Cassin and son, R Carolan, D L Gifford, R Huges, W Farmer, M Leahy, C Betts, J Sharratt, J Gartland, Arthur Sedgewick, Mrs Mathens and child, F Starke, D Sharatt.

For Canton, per Ho-Chong, Nov 21—Max C Ettinger, L Goodfriend, F Steward, and 42 Chinese.

From Fannings Island, per Vivid, Nov 27—Pali and Tuahine.

For Port Gamble, per Jos Perkins, Nov 27— George Booth.

DIED.

PRIVETT—At Bishop's College on the 22d Nov, REBECCA BEATRICE PRIVETT, aged 30.

LEWIS.—At his residence in Honolulu, Nov 29th, SAMUEL LEVI LEWIS of aneurism, a native of New York City, aged 37 years and 8 months.

ROSE.—At his residence in Honolulu, Dec 1st, CHARLES H. ROSE of typhoid fever, a native of New York City, aged 39 years and 8 months. New York City and New Haven papers please copy.

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ANNUAL INCOME..... ..... 8.000,000
CASH SURPLUS..... 7.000,000

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List of Consuls, Commercial Agents and Vice Consuls of the United States, Appointed to the Hawaiian Islands.

Name.	*Place and Title—Hawaii.*	*Date of Commis'n*
John C Jones	Commercial Agent	September 19th, 1820
P A Brinsmade	Commercial Agent	July 5th, 1844
Alex J Abell	Consul	January 16th, 1845
Joel Turrill	Consul	August 1st, 1845
	Honolulu.	
Elisha H Allen	Consul	October 18th, 1849
Benj F Angel	"	May 24th, 1853
Darius A Ogden	"	August 2d, 1854
Abner Pratt	"	March 14th, 1857
John A Parker	"	October 2d, 1860
Alfred Caldwell	"	August 12th, 1861
Morgan L Smith	"	September 29 h, 1866
Z S Spalding	"	July 25th, 1868
T Adamson, jr	"	June 1st, 1869
C S Mattoon	"	September 24th, 1870
Jas Scott	"	August 22d, 1874
John M Morton	"	April 3d, 1879
Thos F Wilson	Vice Consul	May 30th, 1866
Wm H Peebles	"	December 7th, 1874
Jas Castle	"	November 6th, 1875
T B Hascall	"	September 6th, 1876
F P Hastings, Vice and Deputy Consul		August 3d, 1877
	Hilo.	
Thos Miller	Consul	August 31st, 1852
Thos Spencer	"	March 6th, 1862
	Lahaina.	
Chas Bunker	Consul	April 22d, 1850
Anson G Chandler	"	July 7th, 1856
Geo M Chase	"	May 24th, 1853
Samuel Long	"	March 21st, 1861
Elias Perkins	"	March 13th, 1863
H H Houghton	"	April 9th, 1869

Hawaiian Independence.

"The 28th of November" has just been observed; but how few of the present day, enjoying the fruits of Hawaiian Independence, are fully aware of the efforts which were put forth by the friends of this nation to secure its independence. We have just received a letter from J. F. B. Marshall, Esq., now Treasurer of the Hampton Normal School, the one which Gen. Armstrong presides over with so much ability. A few paragraphs in Mr. Marshall's letter refer to those days when it was somewhat doubtful whether Hawaii would have an honored future. This is a peep at an unpublished chapter in Hawaiian History. We copy as follows:

I read an article in one of the Honolulu papers sometime ago on the Paulet dynasty, in which my name was mentioned as "bearer of dispatches" to England on the seizure of the islands by Lord George Paulet. If I ever find leisure, I intend to contribute an unwritten chapter of Hawaiian History, by giving the whole story of my mission to England, where I went, "not a bearer of dispatches," but fully accredited as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Kamehameha III. King of the Hawaiian Islands, not only to Great Britain, but with separate credentials (which I had no occasion to use) to France, Russia, Germany and Belgium. The whole episode was dramatic. The seizure, by Lord Paulet, of all the vessels to prevent the King from sending an Envoy to present his case to Great Britain. The stratagem by which his Lordship was outwitted. The secret landing at midnight from canoes at Coco Head of the King and Premier and Suite—who had left Oahu immediately after the forced cession—the hurried council held by the light of torches in the cocoanut grove, where my mission, planned in the cabin of the U. S. S. Boston, which was lying in Honolulu harbor, with springs on her cables and double shotted guns trained over H. B. M. S. Carysfort, was approved and my credentials signed. The re-embarkation of the royal party, of whose visit Lord Paulet was in blissful ignorance. The smuggling of myself on board H. B. M. tender Albert (late His Hawaiian Majesty's favorite yacht) as the Commercial Agent of an American house, who had relinquished their previous charter of the yacht to Lord Paulet, who wished to send the British Consul in her to Mexico, en route for England, on condition that their agent should be allowed to go in her to the Coast. My crossing Mexico in company with Consul Simpson, who, fortunately for me and my mission, did not suspect my real character. My joining the embassy of Richards and Haalilio in London, and our correspondence with Lord Aberdeen, and likewise at the Foreign Office, with their successful results, while Admiral Thomas, at the earnest request of H. B. M. Consul General Barron, to whom I had stated the facts, had meanwhile hurried down to Honolulu to undo the unauthorized work of his subordinate, and was awaiting there with his forces, the result of our mission and the decision of Downing St. Of all these matters I retain a vivid recollection, and their details would, I think, make an interesting contribution to Hawaiian History. Of the chief actors in those exciting scenes, (with the exception of Lord Paulet, who may be living) I believe I am the only survivor—King, Queen, Premier, Judd, Richards, Haalilio, Commander Long of the Boston, Consuls Hooper, Charlton and Simpson, Consul General Barron and R. C. Wylie, who was his guest in Tepic, and who then, from the facts which I narrated first, became interested in the Hawaiian Nation, to whose welfare and service he afterwards devoted his life—all are gone. Mr. Charles Brewer, the liberal and noble hearted American merchant, without whose advances and guarantee, my mission would have been impossible, is still living and enjoying a green old age in his native city, though, as you are doubtless aware, he had recently a marvelous escape from death in California on his returning from a late visit to Honolulu.

☞ A. J. Cartwright, Esq., has kindly placed in our hands an interesting letter, written by an officer on board H. B. M.'s S. *Opal*, to which vessel was assigned the honor of conveying the Queen's present, and from this letter we copy as follows:

QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTS THE PITCAIRN'S ISLANDERS WITH AN AMERICAN ORGAN.

This Island so interesting to Englishmen and more especially to those amongst them who are connected with the naval service, on account of its intimate connection with the well-known history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, was sighted by us on the morning of the 2d of July, 1879, and in two hours we were anchored off Bounty Bay, an almost unheard of thing, as only one man-of-war has ever anchored there before, most Captains preferring to stand off and on the Island whilst communicating. At first we thought it would be impossible to hold any communication with the Island, at least for that day, on account of the extremely heavy surf that was running, but we had yet to learn how excellently these Islanders handle their boats, for in a very short time we saw them coming out through it, and ere long some were aboard with a quantity of fruit and vegetables, which were most acceptable to us after a 35 days cruise.

It affords me the greatest pleasure to record that they are all deeply and unaffectedly religious, and their devoted loyalty to our Most Gracious Queen knows no bounds, this was testified to in a manner equally impressing as pleasing by their behavior at the landing and subsequent opening of an American organ, which we had conveyed to them as a present from the Queen. The greatest part of the population came down to witness its arrival and watched with the most intense anxiety its passage through the surf, and immediately the boat was through, willing hands hauled her quickly up high and dry, and soon the organ was being borne in triumph up the hill to the church. I ought here to remark that this building is kept both clean and neat. As soon as possible the outer case was torn off, and the first air played in Pitcairn on Her Majesty's gift was "God save the Queen," all the inhabitants joining in the hymn with a fervor and enthusiasm that left no doubt as to their earnestness; they tried hard to condense their thanks to the Queen into writing, but I fancy nothing could show their gratitude more than the hearty way in which they sang our National hymn. To sum up the character of these people, it may be said of them that they are fairly industrious and well educated; that apparently they live in a state of the most perfect harmony, the whole population (93) appearing as one large happy family, all working for the common good; that they are all imbued with a deeply religious feeling.

It is very confusing to discover who you are talking to on the Island, as there are only five family names amongst all the people, consequently to avoid the confusion caused by there being about seven Mr. Youngs and five or six Mr. Christians, they are assuming surnames, thus one of the Christians has taken unto himself the name of Downes, and is bringing up a family under that cognomen, and one of the Youngs calls himself Selwyn; if this style of things continues it will be difficult, in a few generations, to trace the people's connection with the original *Bounty* mutineers.

With regard to the American, Peter Butler, who is spoken of in Admiral de Horsey's report as a "doubtful acquisition," the Islanders gave a very good account of him, stating that he always behaved as one of them, and the two oldest men on the Island told me they had no fault to find with him, however, some little time ago he left the place in a schooner trading to Samoa, in company with two of the Pitcairners, they have since returned, but at the time of our visit he was still away. His wife believes that he will return, but the rest of the people appear to think otherwise.

I may also add that one of the people asked me if Father Damon of Honolulu was yet alive, with this I will conclude my description of Pitcairn.

CHARLES H. A. WARD,
H. M. Ship *Opal*.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

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To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS
Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Professor's Alexander's Lecture.

By invitation of the Y. M. C. A., this gentleman delivered his second Lecture at the Lyceum, on Tuesday evening, November 25th, to a highly appreciative audience. His subject, the "Ruins of Thebes," in Upper Egypt. Having recently visited that part of the world and read extensively respecting the city with its "hundred gates," about which Homer sung, the Lecturer, was enabled to present a most vivid and life-like picture of a region renowned in history and poetry, in prophesy and tradition. It required no very strong flight of the imagination, to fancy one's self, addressing one of those old mummies in the language of the anonymous poet:

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priest ne'er owned their juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

We would merely add, that Professor Alexander is a good illustration of the remark, that, one brings away from a land through which he travels, in proportion to what he takes with him! Dean Stanley writes most intelligently upon Palestine, but he says, "I read every page and even the foot-notes of Robinson's three octavo volumes on Palestine," besides many other books of history and travels.

[From the P. C. Advertiser, Nov. 29, 1879.]

AMERICAN THANKSGIVING.

In accordance with established custom and in response to the invitation of Gen. Comly, U. S. Minister Resident, American citizens generally sojourning or residing in Honolulu, observed Thursday last, the 27th instant, as a day of thanksgiving. The stores and places of business of leading American houses were closed. We noticed two American vessels in port, out of eight, that recognized the day by a display of bunting, the *Ella*, of San Francisco being profusely decorated. At 11 A. M. a large concourse of American residents assembled at the Fort street Church for Divine Service. There was a fair sprinkling of other nationalities, among whom was H. R. H. the Heir Apparent and His Excellency the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and several of the Foreign Consular corps.

The services commenced with a voluntary on the organ, followed by singing the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Invocation; reading of the 128th Psalm; Singing by the choir; Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Frear; Singing by the choir and congregation of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful hymn:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed."

The sermon by Rev. Dr. Damon was somewhat out of the beaten track of the ordinary thanksgiving discourse. Taking his text from Luke 6:38—"Give, and it shall be given unto you," the speaker proceeded to give an exceedingly able and interesting dissertation on Reciprocity, as exemplified in the present times throughout the world. First, in Commerce; second, in Science; third, in Literature; and fourth, in Christianity. It will readily be seen that the materials in any one of these subdivisions are ample for a discourse in itself, and consequently only a brief but comprehensive review of each was made. Towards the close, the Reverend speaker alluded somewhat fully to the "Chinese question," which has attracted of late so much attention in the East and California. While it is a question in some minds whether the Chinese invasion, with which these Islands are now threatened, is a legitimate cause for thanksgiving, or constitutes a fitting subject for fasting and prayer,—we all know the rosy hue it assumes in the eyes of a few among us, prominent among whom is the always enthusiastic and genial preacher of our Thanksgiving sermon. Aside from the more than contented reference to the prospective influx of Chinese, the discourse was an excellent one, which we should like to see printed.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the grand anthem, so familiar to every patriotic American—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!"

was given by the choir, the whole congregation joining in with an emphasis that made the church ring.

What is to be Done with Our New Immigrants?

Some days ago a good Christian brother and friend of humanity came to the Editor of the FRIEND, with the following communication. He expressed the wish that the FRIEND would call the attention of the Christian community to the subject of doing something for the evangelization of the Chinese. This is just what "the FRIEND proper" and "the Friend, Y. M. C. A.," have been endeavoring to do for years. In addition to what is now being done, this would seem to be demanded, to obtain as soon as possible a missionary to labor among the Chinese and direct colportage, who understands the Chinese language. The Christian and Chinese communities need to be brought into greater sympathy and to understand each other better, by a free interchange of thought and opinion.

FOR THE FRIEND.

"What is to be done with our new immigrants? This is the great question of the day, both religiously and politically. That they are to form the great bulk of our future population there can be no doubt. What they have been at the homes they have left and what they may be in their adopted homes here, will depend on circumstances. Having been brought up in their own country under the parental restraints taught by Confucius, they have continued to be from age to age a moral people, but with a few exceptions they are a heathen people. They have no respect for the Sabbath and no knowledge of Christianity.

"Now comes the question, what is to be the effect of such a large influx of heathenism on these islands, where Christianity has been so recently established? Which way is the tide of influence to turn? If Christians here can bring the power of religion to bear upon them so as to influence them in the right direction, all will be well. If not, what is to become of our Sabbath and our religious institutions? H. D.

REMAINS OF GIGANTIC ANIMALS DISCOVERED IN ICE.—Russian geologists are making preparations to promote the further discovery of congealed remains of mammoth animals in Siberia. It is stated that during the last two centuries at least 20,000 mammoths, and probably twice or thrice that number have been washed out of the ice and soil in which they were imbedded, by the action of spring floods. The tusks have only been preserved for their commercial value as ivory. An effort is now to be made for the discovery and preservation of one of these carcasses as perfect and entire as possible, as it is considered that microscopic investigation of the contents of its stomach might throw a powerful light on a host of geological and physiological problems.